


Anderson College  
Literary Magazine  
1982 - 1983



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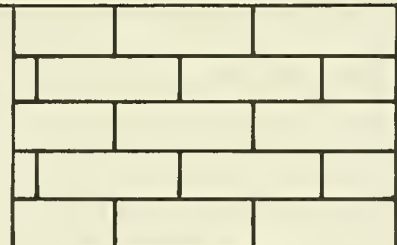
Dear Readers,

Anderson College has provided an outlet for the imagination through the **Ivy Leaves** Literary Magazine — In a world where many restrictions have been placed on one's imagination and originality. The Ivy Leaves staff has attempted to use many types of art, poetry, and prose. As the reader, allow your approach to be open-minded and also allow room for growth through these new experiences.

Sincere thanks to my staff who has laboured so diligently in selecting the contributions and worked so hard on the layout. I would also like to extend my appreciation to all student, faculty, and staff members for their contributions.

— Elizabeth

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## The Magical Sea

Come aboard with me to the sea,  
We shall sail the waves -- just you and me.  
It'll be our new home, the beautiful sea,  
Just you and me, alone, sailing to be free.  
During the day, the sun is our light; the  
moon and stars shall light our nights.  
The sky is our roof; the water, our floor.  
Let our spirits sail -- forever more.

For there is no magic  
Like that of the sea.

*Gina McMurry*

## LIGHTNING

Last night the lightning struck  
it shone its light in my room  
bright zig-zags of energy  
. . . I felt electrified.  
What made me want you from the start  
was like a current of air  
that struck me, too.  
It reached out suddenly  
in a room now lost somewhere  
on earth in time,  
and pulled me toward you.  
So from that moment on  
thunder rumbles in my distance  
whenever you are near  
and lightning strikes across the  
violet skies of my mind  
and I am lost in the fathomless  
depths of your  
eyes  
forever . . .

*Cathy Grant*

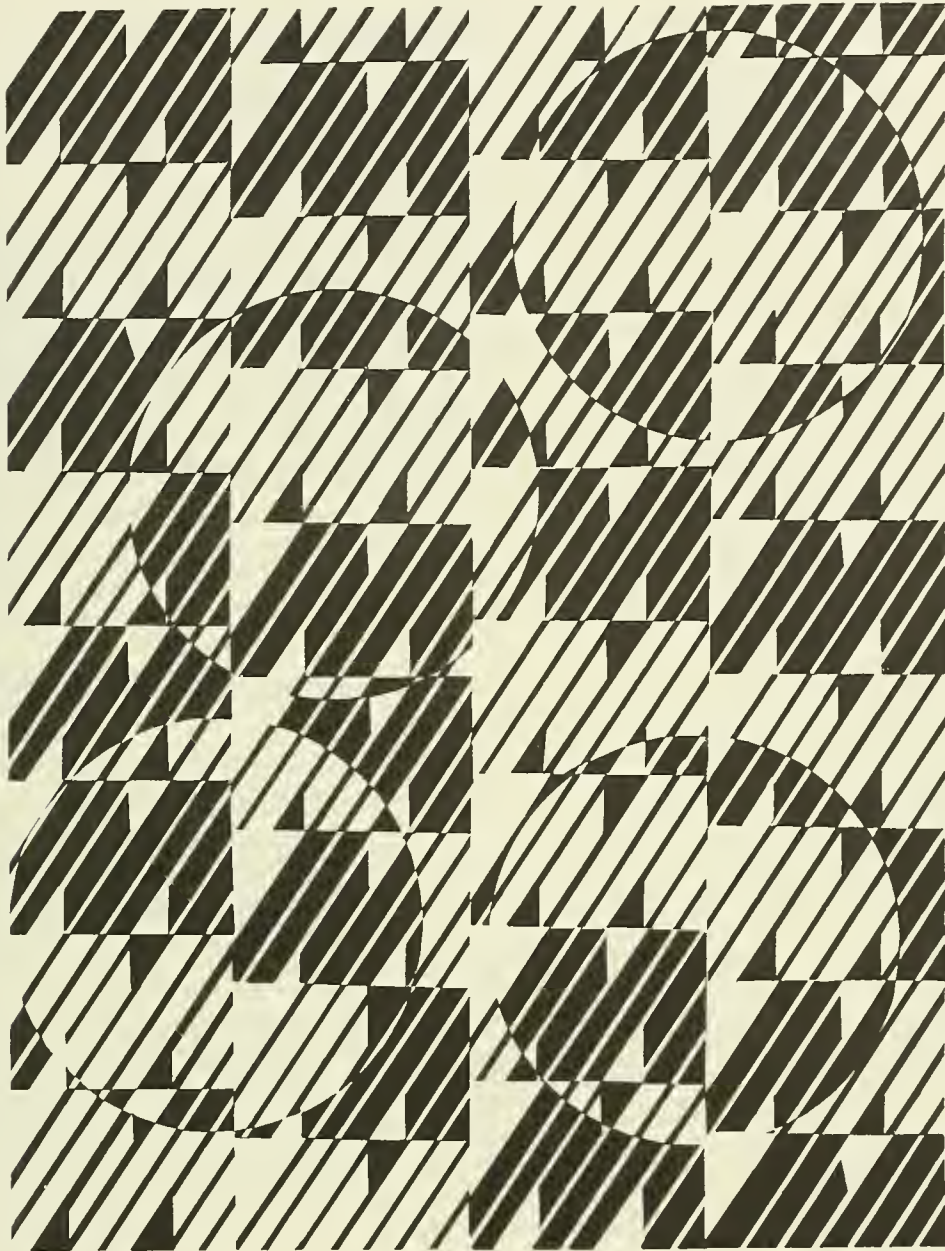
## Wind

Wind, wind, wind, going nowhere.  
Blowing, blowing, blowing without a care.  
Rustling the leaves, swaying the trees.  
Layering the rain, buzzing like bees.

Whistling like a train, moaning like a dog.  
Creeping through the cracks, scattering the fog.  
Wind, wind, wind traveling with ease.  
Wailing, wailing, wailing; baying at the trees.

*William McBride*





*Fran Poole*


## **Someday soon . . .**

You're fading from my mind so easily  
I know now that my heart must let you go  
What started then did not turn out to be  
What I was hoping for.  
I sometimes lose the progress that I've made.  
When, I see you every now and then,  
My reasoning and feelings then will trade  
their places, and I'm heart over mind again.  
I'll always think of what we might have been,  
but I'm learning not to let it make me sad,  
Because I know that we can still be friends.  
Someday soon I hope that I will find  
That my heart cannot rule my mind.

*Deb Cole*

5/29/81

Lake morning.

Singular wave . . .  
shining, gossamer thread . . .  
catching the sun,  
Floating,  
Undulating,  
Outward,  
Outward.  
Silken flag  
of  
spider flight  
reaching to there . . .

*Mitzi Winsett*

## **The World's Prayer**

The power that corrupts  
Is at hand in our world.  
The land aches,  
The animals die,  
The soul cries.

Lord be with us,  
Love us  
And care for us.

Share with us your power  
That we may heal and preserve.

*Lynn Hammett Edwards*

I'm fine  
Really  
No problems  
No you  
It gets almost easy  
To wake up  
Have my ritualistic cry  
Then go about the day  
I can almost ignore  
The shadow of missing you  
Which breathes softly on my week  
Like you once did  
But shall do no more

*Aprile Heaton*

## Simplicity itself

It's the simple things  
that bring back a memory that makes you smile and think,  
that causes a sigh of resignation for what might have been,  
that points the way to a solution to a problem,  
that sets you on a course that shapes your life.

Dr. Victor H. Matthews

# YOU HAD TO KNOW IT WAS THERE

The sun was somewhere that morning,

The sun was somewhere that morning, somewhere hidden behind the thick clouds. The morning held the key to the sun's existence. You simply had to know it was there and have faith that it would appear.

The wind was a wispy pull on the faces of passersby and a rustle in the withered, crumbling leaves. It told of winter's approach and swept through old men's bones.

Unaware of clouds or wind, the children ran about their schoolyard. They seemed intent on squeezing in every minute of free time before the bell.

Across the street squatted a three-story, red brick house. When the elementary school had been a girl's college, this building had been a dormitory. Now, only the aged caretaker lived there. A grand-daughter's visits were the only events to stir his fading existence.

The clamor of the bell ended the children's play. Students now, they scurried, scrambling to their desks, shuffling their feet, and chattering. As the sound of childish voices died, the wind filled the street, whirling leaves on the branches of an ancient elm tree which nearly hid the old house.

Inside the old building a seamed, trembling hand reached for the phone and hesitantly dialed.

"Hello, preacher, I'm gonna do it. I can't stand it anymore," the caretaker said in a monotone.

The receiver fell as the response sounded, "No, don't, I'll be right there!"

The chill of the day increased the minister's alarm. His mind raced over grim possibilities as he drove to his friend's house.

The clouds blew in dark clumps. The sun shown dimly through occasional cracks in the sky.

As the minister opened the door and called, he heard nothing but his own echo. A quick survey revealed no life or warmth. Floors creaked, but nothing moved except the windows pushed inward by the wind.

Students across the street began their lessons.

Puzzled, the preacher walked back to his car. The wind touched his face. Turning away from its sting, his eyes followed the movement of a drooping limb. The giant elm loomed over the old man and a sudden gust blew leaves past his face.

Sirens drowned out the wind. The children, happy to leave their books, hurried to the windows.

One small blond girl separated herself from her classmates and joined the gathering crowd around her grandfather's house. As the ambulance approached, the sun burst through the clouds. Its warmth dried the tears that bathed her cheeks.

*Gwen Beale · Dr. Victor Matthews*





Marilyn Burdette


## **I Love You, God . . .**

not just because you let me have a life . . or just because you blessed me . . . with all the things I have . . . but also, God, because your grace is guiding me each day . . . and you are helping me to reach . . . the goal for which I pray . . . because you sort of overlook . . . the faults there are in me . . . and give me one more chance to gain . . . your great eternity . . . because you understand me, God . . . no matter what I do . . . as long as I am constant in my loyalty to you . . . and that is why I try to live . . . in humbleness or fame . . . according to the glory of . . . your everlasting name.

*Deb Cole*

Consider the Arch of Time  
as  
Destruction doomed to  
survive.

Land lying in waste  
Man Carrying the load  
of man,  
of life,  
of land,  
Alone in the darkness.

*Lynn Hammett Edwards*

# THOUGHTS

A thought meanders through the mind  
And stops only to grind.  
And for a while flutters steadfast,  
Knowing that it cannot last  
As the journey carries on,  
Is there no thought that has flown  
Down the infinite paths and never "meet"  
Another dauntless messenger at fleet?  
However we exist, however we think  
There will never be a better link  
Than that of a thought scurrying about  
Doing its thankless task without even a flout.

And where two divergent thoughts intersect  
One may destroy, one may protect.  
For only the master of the mind  
Can of one cipher and of one recline.  
One may see beauty, one may see heartache;  
One may carry victory, one may carry mistake.  
Of the many and varied thoughts aloft,  
Many are cherished, many are scoffed.  
However we exist, however we think  
There will never be a better link  
Than that of a thought scurrying about  
Doing its thankless task without even a flout.

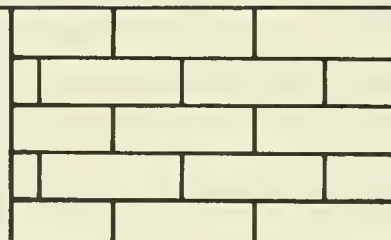
Fickering about and with much haste,  
Some to haunt and some to waste.  
Some long lived and never execute the latter,  
Some even enlighten and some even flatter.  
Feverously churning and recklessly conjuring  
The Master endlessly carries out the receiving.

continued

And to some the sight may be unbelieving,  
And to others the act may be deceiving.  
However we exist, however we think  
There will never be a better link  
Than that of a thought scurrying about  
Doing its thankless task without even a flout.

What can transcend, blend, and mold  
Residue from the tawdry, spectacle from the cold,  
than that of a thought scurrying about,  
Doing its thankless task without even a flout?

*William McBride*







*Jeanette Hinson*

## For You

In the sky there is a star placed  
just for you  
When I'm alone at night I gaze  
into the darkness.  
And see you shining.

In the sun there is a gleam  
just for you.  
When I'm alone I feel the warmth  
of the rays --  
And I can touch your face.

In the wind there is a melody sung  
just for you.  
When I'm alone I sing your song --  
And I hear your voice.

In my heart there is a place  
just for you.  
When I'm alone I search inside  
my soul -  
And I sense your presence . . .

Please stay.

*Donna Kittrell*

## A Thing of the Past

You knew others  
Then, you knew me  
We were special  
I couldn't let go.

You turned to me  
You needed me  
I was special to you  
I couldn't let go.

Time moved  
We changed  
You turned away  
I couldn't let go.

You turned away  
I let go  
I turned to you  
You were gone.

*Karen Buchanan*





## **WILLIWAW**

Williwaw, Williwaw who are you,  
That comes across the blue;  
And brings the cool damp air?  
Williwaw, Williwaw I can't see you, but I know you're there.

*William McBride*

## **Anniversary**

Been a year since we touched  
Twelve months since we kissed  
I have no reminders  
I threw away your letters  
Burned your pictures  
Broke the gifts you gave me  
No physical reminders  
Only . . .  
I can't throw you from my mind  
Can't burn the love from my heart  
Can't break your hold on my soul  
Not even after a year  
After twelve lonely months

*Aprile Heaton*



*Jeanette Hinson*


## I DISSOLVE

as an apprentice to love like this  
I find myself lost  
like in a forest I've never seen  
shimmering through the trees  
like a wood-nymph  
under the fledgling moon  
and the darkness cries out to me  
darkness on the edge of daylight  
drifting . . . unaware . . .  
when I fall into the arms of you

and as I am drifting, so young  
the drama breaks in  
the feeling cascades and  
you play my heart like a harp  
drowning away all past sorrows  
all future anxieties  
the cameras in my mind are clicking  
to recall each breath  
each expression  
as I dissolve

continued

as you love slowly  
and for years unheeded  
you now capture my melody  
in harmony with your own  
the windows open  
branches lean with the wind  
not a crackle of static  
anywhere  
when time leaves itself in place  
when you take me down  
and I dissolve

*Cathy Grant*

## Legacy

Dreams  
that are no longer  
Dreams

Treasures  
that are no longer  
Treasures

Sharing  
these things with another  
Hoping  
some of the magic still remains

*Dr. Victor Matthews*



Jill Townsend


## **My Father**

He stood at the window--  
gazing with tear-filled eyes.  
Behind the glass tiny eyes gazed back.  
He focused on the only little girl among the babies--  
his only little girl.  
My Father.

He ruled with tenderness and a heart of gold.  
The report card was not good--  
The room untidy and the dishes dirty.  
His only words, "Do better next time."  
My Father.

He marched slowly down the aisle,  
his only little girl clutching his arm.  
A moment of departure at hand.  
He kissed my cheek and wished me well  
as I stepped into reality.  
My Father.

Now I stand at the window--  
gazing with tear-filled eyes.  
Behind the glass tiny eyes gaze back.  
I focus on the only little girl among the babies--  
my only little girl.

A proud hand rests on my shoulder--  
My Father.

*Donna Kittrell*



## HE'S EVERYTHING TO ME

He is the wind that blows  
creating whirl-wind in my heart  
and I'm so glad I know  
that he's been here from the  
start.

He'll be with me every day  
from the beginning until the end.  
even when I'm down  
he helps me get back up again.

He's the answer to all my problems  
I'm the lock and he's the key  
My Lord is very special  
He's everything to me!

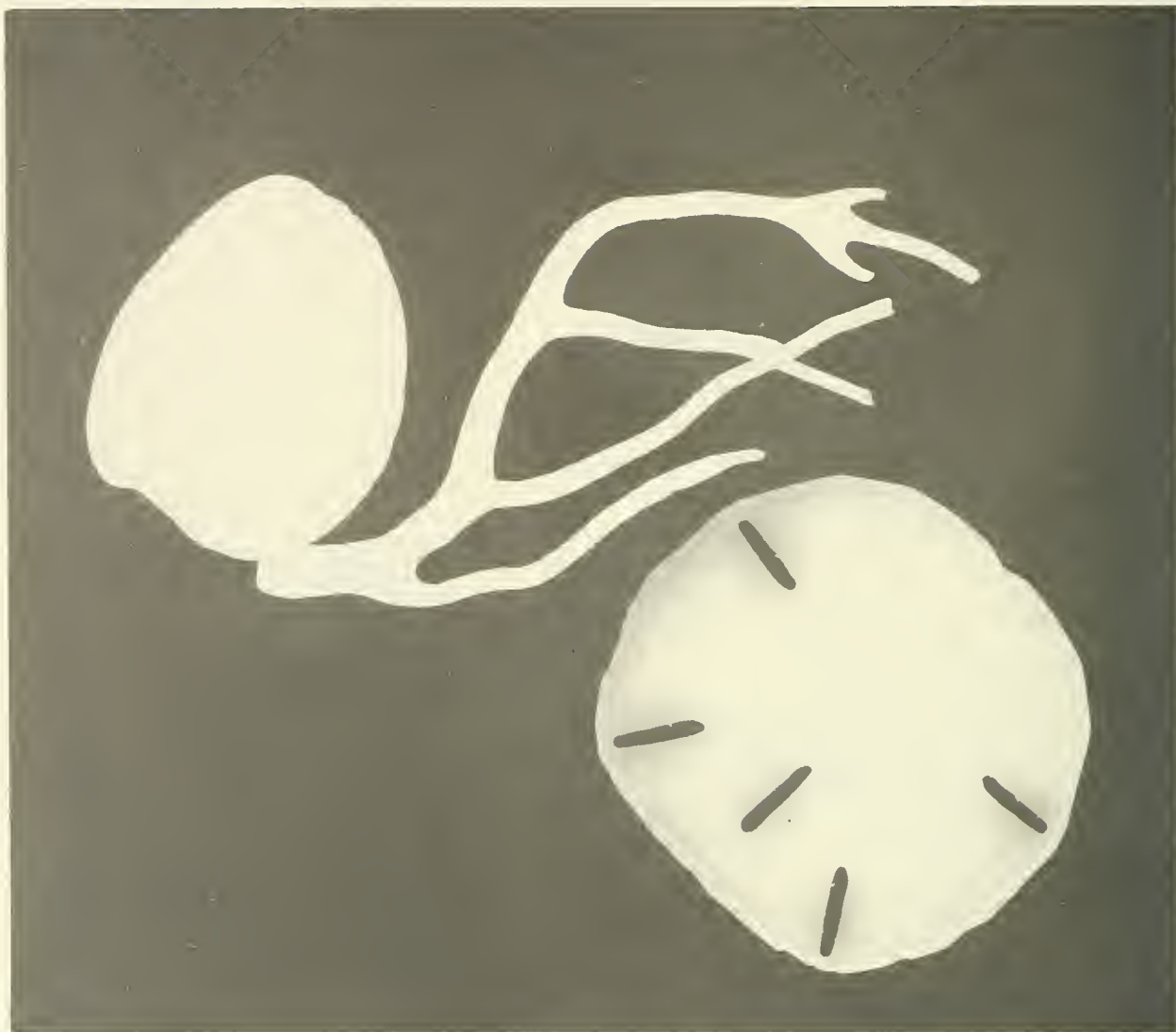
*Parrish Cannon*

## Breach of Faith

The little boy gazed up to her  
With emerald eyes of Faith  
As she effortlessly lied,  
"As I love your father.  
"We shall be together always."  
So he strode away,  
A smile of security on his face,  
Knowing not that in weeks  
His faerytale world would crumble  
And his emerald eyes of Faith  
Would hold nothing but bitter tears.

*Aprile Heaton*





*Jeanette Hinson*

## Growing Years

The child reaches out his small fragile hand  
to someone older who may listen and understand  
the child see's problems adult's pass by  
and notices feelings adults try to hide.  
the child may have solutions  
if only given a chance --  
but adults take advantage.  
And the child's ideas and feelings are left stranded.  
then he lives in a world of his own. ---  
Adults don't understand . . .

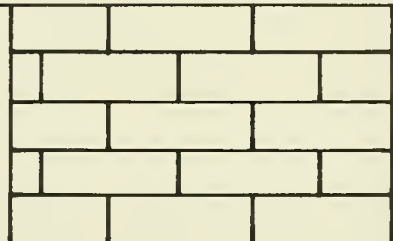
The child learns adult ways  
and world pressures.  
From his problems --  
the once-upon-a-child ran.  
the child's heart once soft  
has now hardened with growth  
that child is a man.

*Gina McMurry*

## You Are . . .

Tall,  
Strong, but weak at times;  
Bold,  
Young, but mature most times;  
Tough,  
Tender and loving you are;  
Trusting,  
Loved by me thus far.

*Dana Cromer*



## Memories

I will always remember how sweet  
and kind you were to me in many times  
of sorrow and my times of need. In  
my times of loneliness you were always  
a dear friend to my heart. And if by  
chance we meet again I'll always pray  
that you will remember me for what I  
was or for what I am to you this very  
moment.

*Deb Cole*

## Youth

When I was little,  
the cloudy days  
were rowdy days.

Clouds would never concern us  
when we were having fun.

When I was little  
we'd laugh and play in the moonlight  
while grandma called.

It was late but I didn't care.

When I was twelve  
cards were "in"  
so I was out playing card until two.

Grandma survived; I will too.

I've grown up now.  
Time has gone by so fast.  
My product of the last five years  
is playing outside,  
as I lie here on the couch  
watching the clouds roll by.

*Lynn Hammett Edwards*



*Jeanette Hinson*






Frances Anderson



*Jeanette Hinson*


## Silence Speaks for His Love

He is as silent as silence itself  
His eyes just stare  
I found them searching with love  
Silence speaks for his love.

I never heard him say a word  
But still he speaks  
I know his feelings  
Silence speaks for his love.

His heart is overfull with joy  
His mind overfull with love  
But still he never talks  
Silence speaks for his love.

*Sandra Rivers*

Every time I lay down and close my eyes  
I escape.

I do not know why I escape or to where  
I'll go.

I do know that I venture far from this  
conscious world --  
to my own world --

no one's there, no one questions me,  
no one accompanies me.

I'm content; at peace; lost in sleep . . . alone!

Then dawn comes --

Throughout the day I wonder  
over my adventures --

I wait for the  
fall of evening  
so I can return  
to the escape!

*Frances Anderson*

To a Winter Morning Dawn. While driving from Galax, Va. toward Jonas Ridge, N. C., along the New River.

The beauty of this morning  
softened these eyes  
to readiness.

Your gift, so grace-filled,  
I flushed  
with nothing in return.

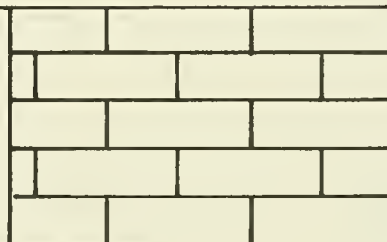
Perfect solace  
flowed in the river there,  
floating my old dreams  
as once  
Indian huntgame to Ohio.

Mosse'd rail fences  
winding the land's lay,  
deceiving age-guessing  
and  
gravity.

Colors deep  
like trust  
blink  
inside Earth's browns and greens;  
Violet stick weeds  
and  
lichen rose.

The blueness of my  
eyes  
reflects your widening  
skies  
and  
the sadness  
of your passing.

*Mitzi Winsett*







*Dusty Houk*



## Starving and Bleeding

Rain is brimming in the clouds  
Tears are brimming in my eyes  
Alone on a hardwood floor  
Aware of my starving soul  
Afraid for my bleeding heart  
There's no escape  
No poetry fills my pen . . .  
Wonder how long it will be  
Before I starve or bleed to death?

*Aprile Heaton*

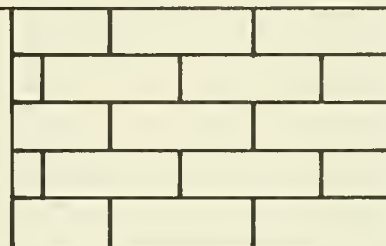
Sometimes I need to think . . .  
At times it is so strong I think far  
Beyond thought.  
I know I need to think - but there's too  
Much to think about.  
So -- I overlook the thinking and get lost  
within the thoughts - which journey me  
far from thinking.  
My thoughts take me far from here - far from  
thinking - far from all.  
I like it there - no one's there.  
. . . Then when I've reached the  
ultimate realm of thought - reality  
steps in (for reality is found deepest  
in thoughts) which send me back —  
To think!

*Frances Anderson*

## The Gift

My name is Coretha. Two days ago I turned eighty-two years old. I guess you say that is pretty old, and a person like me doesn't have long to live. Well, the truth of the matter is you're probably right; but you see, I am ready now, and it doesn't matter if it's my time, because of a birthday present I got from a very special friend.

continued



You see, I've been blind all my life. I have never seen even the briefest spark of light. The world to me has always been darkness, and except for my friend Sandra, I've been alone. My father died of a heart attack back in 1926. My mother died the next year, of grief mostly. Now I've got cancer and will be joining them soon. But like I said, I'm ready now.

On my birthday, my friend Sandra came to visit me. We've been friends since we were children. She used to walk with me and help me know where to step, and I've always loved her. Well, I had something on my mind for quite a while, and I decided I would put it to Sandra.

"Sandra, if you really would like to give your friend a birthday present, here's what you can do. All my life, I've heard people talk about the beauty of colors, how someone has deep brown eyes, or how the pink of the cherry blossoms is a wonder to behold, or how there are meadows that are green for as far as the eye can see. I've never seen any of these colors, of course, and don't even really know what a color is. But if I had a favorite color, I think it would be blue. I've heard some mighty special things about blue. What I want, Sandra, is for you to help me see blue, just once before I go. Tell me all about blue, Sandra; make me see it all."

Well, Sandra was quiet for a long time. She sat, squeezing my hand, rocking back and forth. I imagined she was looking out that window beside my bed. When she finally spoke, it was low, little more than a whisper.

"Dear, dear Coretha -- what you've asked is the impossible. You say you think blue might be your favorite color. Well, it must be God's too, and if you could just see the sky on a bright summer's day, you'd know why I say that. If you could see the ocean with the breeze raising little puffs of white foam on that great blue surface, you'd see what I mean. If you could see the brilliance of the first blue bird in the spring, you'd see what I mean. But in your black world, in your darkness, there can be no blue. I am sorry Coretha -- there is nothing I can do."

I knew that she was crying and I told her that it was okay, that I understood. But after she left, I felt something that I hadn't felt in years. I felt the pain and frustration of self-pity. I just laid there, the tears streaming down my silly old face, and thought, as I had years before, that it just wasn't fair. "What kind of God, I demanded to know, would imprison someone He supposedly loved in the black dungeon? Who is the God? Where is He? Does He even exist?" At that moment, for the first time in my life, I didn't think he did.

continued

I continued on this bitter train of thought well into the night. Wallowing in my pity, cursing the darkness, when there overcame me a feeling of great weight; I felt suddenly very, very heavy, and old, and tired. I felt as if I were sinking into a huge old feather mattress that had been my parents'. Then, there was someone standing behind my bed. It was a young girl. I knew it, not because I sense it, but because I saw her. She was a lovely young thing, and when she spoke, I guessed her age at nine or ten.

"Coretha, I've come to show you something." I recognized the voice, but in my fascination, couldn't get a handle on it. She bid me rise, which I did, almost as if in a trance. Then we were gone; we were outside of my old house and were sailing above the tree tops, higher and higher and faster on we went. I could make out the faint traces of the earth below, but the sun had not yet risen, and the world was still dark.

Then, up ahead of us, on the horizon, I saw, for the first time in my life, a faint glimmer of light. It was the sun rising! And oh what a sight to see! The pinks and yellows and oranges of the early morning stunned me.

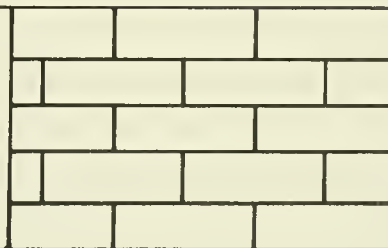
Through my tears, I turned to my companion, and I saw that she had changed. She was now a good deal older than she had been. All of this was too much for me, and I asked her, "What is it? What is happening?" She smiled and said, "Please, Coretha, just be patient." By now the sun had gained enough on the sky that I could tell that we were above a huge, flat surface, over an endless plain of some kind that stretched as far as I could see. Higher and higher rose the sun, when suddenly I realized what it was I was looking at. It was the ocean! Glorious blue, forever and ever! My breath came in short gasps and my heart was beating wildly. I turned again to my companion who was now very old, and at the same time I knew who she was.

"Sandra, oh Sandra," I cried. "How . . .?" "How have you done this . . .?"

"I am just giving an old friend a birthday present."

Then in an instant, I was home again, in my bed. I could feel the sunlight streaming in my window, but could not see it. Once again, I was in darkness. But it didn't matter anymore, because I knew things; I knew what blue was, but that didn't seem as important as it had; I knew my friend Sandra had somehow died, but that didn't cause me the grief that it would have the day before. No, there was something much greater than I knew -- something that I'd known before, but had forgotten for a little while, or maybe I never really knew it at all until now. But I knew it now; I knew it deep in my soul; and I would know it forever.

*Sandra Rivers*



## Realizations

He stood in the center of her living room, the diary in his hand. The room, once familiar, seemed foreign . . . She was gone. Her plants hung from the ceiling, her Pre-Raphaelite prints graced the walls, and her Chanel No. 22 was faint in the air. Yet she was gone. He sighed. After another vicious quarrel with his wife, he had rushed to her for comfort, as he often did, only to find the doors open, the closets empty, and an open diary on the floor. He sighed again and re-read the passage:

It's frightening. This strange realization of my own degradation. Dear God, I've tarnished my soul and am completely responsible for this FARCE I term my life. **I** did this. Sealed my own fate. Stained and scarred my own heart. Made myself a second-class citizen, a one-dimensional girl . . . Seven lovers in a single year, seven shots at romance - and always, I am wrong. Always a consort, often a confidante . . . but never a companion. Always ripping passion and excitement . . . but never tenderness. Always physical joy . . . never emotional release. No . . . They had others for that. All had other places to go for nonchalant caresses and pre-planned futures and love. I, why, I was a shot in the arm, a lift in morale, a taste of youth. To one I was comfort; to another I was threatening; still another saw me in his harem; I was an unexpected sexual pleasure to some, oh, and to one I was simply revenge! . . . But I never got to be me. Never showed tears and shared laughter. Dear God, I've come full circle from virgin to whore to recluse. Because now, all I do is think. I wonder how I came to this . . . and where, oh heaven, where am I to go?

Two words he said aloud: "Simply revenge." He shook his head and thought, how can she believe that? "I need **her** more than I ever needed revenge," he whispered. "And **I** am the one to blame. I made her one-dimensional, treated her like she was second-class! . . . Why does the truth always hit you when it's too late to change things?"

He again sighed. The diary dropped to the floor. As he glanced around the room, he himself faced a startling realization . . . **he** had no other place to go.

*Aprile Heaton*

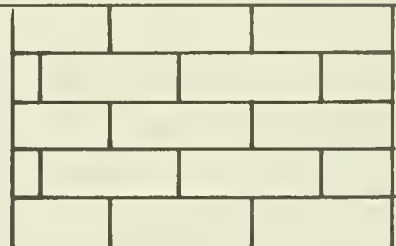




*Dusty Houk*



*Susan Coleman*



The time was not long ago when all our lives were separate. Untouched by each other, each of us were growing, learning, beginning with each day the rest of our life, each becoming someone, and each becoming a special part of a bigger, beautiful experience. This life we had shared together began in a beautiful way in the individual lives and hearts of each of us. We have continued to grow and to learn and to become individuals because of what we have grown to learn and become as our individual lives have touched one another. In love and laughter our lives have grown to become a single life of which we will always be a part. Through experience and pain we have lovingly held hands. Upholding one another, we each have shared a part of the life of another. We have strove together to make life full we have worked together to make life worthwhile. We have clung together to make life go on. In laughing with one another, we have become the best of friends. In talking with one another, we have learned to understand. In sharing in one another's pain, we have learned how valuable each of us is to the other. In living together we have learned to love -- with a special love that is blind to faults, strong in faith, sensitive to needs and without bound or end. It is with this love that we have joined our hearts in unity and faith, giving our lives, through God to each other that we might enjoy life at Anderson College. It is with this treasure that we leave Anderson College. It is with this treasure that we leave Anderson, wiping away the tears, but not the past. The warmth we feel for this place will never be destroyed by time. It is as much a part of each of us as is our childhood. The AC tradition will continue, for the rest of our lives, to be an important part of each of us. We say goodbye to each other and to Anderson College and take with us meanings, faith in God and love one for another.

*Kelley P. Ozmint*



